

Good Morning 596

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

HATS OFF TO-DAY TO JOHN BROWN

The story of the Puritan who fought Black Slavery with Words, and when Words failed marched to the tap of Drums, told by GORDON RICH



Calling you, "Commander" A.B. Brian Butler

HERE you are, A.B. Brian Joseph Butler, a photograph of your family, or most of them. Calling at dinner-time was the reason for finding your Dad and sisters at 126 Elizabeth Fry Road, Colman Road, Norwich. Anyway, nobody seemed to mind, even if it did mean a hasty dinner.

Peter the fire-watcher thought it good fun—dogs always do seem to like plenty of action. For once Peter didn't mind giving up his "front" place by the fire. No wonder they call him "fire watcher."

Before hurrying off on his cycle, your Dad said he hoped one day you would be a genuine Commander now that you have had that honour for one day at Christmas. This seems to imply you are the youngest member on board.

By the way, why are your sisters so shy? Surely with a brother who has been a Com-

mander they should not be. All are very well at home and all send their love.

Small brother Kevin was at school; he is now third in his class. He still keeps his hand in at chess, and looks forward to some games with you, so look out for a beating.

Who is Dick? Your mother says he goes to dances now. She thinks this will amuse you—does it?

We called at three other homes in Norwich of men in submarines—Albert Watcham, Blade and Woods. Do you know any of them?

Frank Batch came in one evening for a chat—he was home on a month's leave.

The garden is showing again now after a lot of snow and frost, so Dad says he will get busy. Maureen hopes it's warmer where you are; she means the weather, you understand.

IN the early months of 1861, at the outbreak of the American Civil War, troops of the Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteers ("The Websters") gave immortality to the song "John Brown's Body."

The world over are still singing it. It used to be said that the war between North and South was fought primarily over the slavery question; but when viewed historically it is generally insisted that it was not fought over slavery as such, but over the right of secession from the Union.

Even Abraham Lincoln declared that he did not urge the abolition of slavery in the South, but only the prevention of its extension into new territories, and in the days immediately prior to the outbreak of war he made it clear that his attitude to slavery was entirely subordinate to his policy of holding the Union together.

The South had either to accept the retention of slavery without its extension, or fight to subdue the whole nation to the interests of the slave States.

The seven Cotton States which formed the Confederacy decided to fight; and they, not the Union, fired the first shot.

But before this first shot, which sent Robert E. Lee, of Virginia, hurrying to command the Confederate Army, and set Lincoln beginning his Presidency in the North with an appeal for more soldiers, the ragged fire of guerilla muskets had already heralded the struggle.

John Brown, heavily-bearded, venerable-looking, and strong-willed, had fought Black Slavery with words, and when he found that he and his followers were preaching to deaf ears, he decided to make the issue clear-cut by taking to arms.

Brown was born in 1800, in Torrington, Connecticut, the son of wealthy Puritans. A

strong, deeply-engrained religious fervour guided his activities. He demanded absolute loyalty and obedience from his followers, and in his large family circle he imposed a harsh, rigorous code of discipline.

In the Eastern States he found followers in the army, in legal circles, on religious committees, and even among groups of opportunists who saw in his activities an excellent chance of civil disorder which could be exploited to advantage.

His leaflets and pamphlets were printed by the thousand and industriously circulated. Guns and ammunition were dispatched to him in packing cases from the East marked "Agricultural Tools" and "Bibles."

But high above those who used his cause as an instrument for personal advancement, John Brown towered, a figure of shining purpose and idealism.

When the right of the State of Kansas to choose for or against negro slavery was conceded in the Kansas-Nebraska Bill of 1854, Brown saw the first seeds of war.

He and his followers swept through the State, an irregular band indifferently equipped but small force had been conducted forming the advance guard of by Lieut.-Colonel Robert E. Lee. the legions that were later to march to war to the tap of drums, and condemned to death by hanging.

They adopted guerilla methods; they raided for arms; they freed slaves from their masters; they swore by the Bible before going into action. In Kansas the name of John Brown struck a note of fear.

To light a flame in the public mind on the question of Black slavery he planned a nation wide revolt that was to begin

with a raid on the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, in 1859.

"By attacking Virginia," he was told by Frederick Douglass, a negro preacher, who possessed much influence, "you also attack the Federal Government, and you will arraign the country against you. Furthermore, you will walk into a steel trap, and once in, you will never get out."

Brown swept talk aside.

With his guerillas he took the chance. The raid was excellently planned, but once in possession of the post, he had to defend it.

The attacking cannon swiftly smashed the defences and his men were badly mutilated. John Brown was wounded and taken prisoner. The assault against his band had been conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Robert E. Lee. Brown was tried for treason and condemned to death by hanging.

There were fears that a rescue attempt would be made to foil the Southern "justice." But the day of execution came and passed quietly.

With a smile John Brown died, righteous and self-denying. Only the far-sighted knew what his death really meant. To-day the world knows.

ALL GOOD NEWS for L.S. Fred Mackintosh

IT'S all good news we have for you from 2, Twickenham Road, Leyton, E.10, Leading Seaman Fred Mackintosh, the main thing being that your wallet is on the way.

Your mother certainly seemed in the best of health, and she and Bert were entertaining their old friend Harry the busman when we arrived, so we joined them in tea and your mother's home-made cakes.

The news is good, too, from

Canada and Scotland, and sisters Jean and Bess are both well.

At the time of our visit, Jim was expected home from Holland any day, and Jack was reported to be well and wishing you all the best.

Oh, and your mother's heard from Peggy, which should please you.

Your mother concluded by saying that she hopes your next leave will be spent at home, and until then she sends you all her love, Fred.



BARNEY BEDFORD'S HOME TOWN TOUR

CARE to go on another home-town tour of the North, you underseafellows? Let's start.

AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Meet Bessie Audsley and give her a big hand. Apart from being cute and pretty, Bessie sure is a knock-out on the bagpipes.

This'll please those of the crew who come frae Scotland, if it doesn't delight the Sassenachs.

Bessie has such a winning way with her when she gives out some jive on those pipes, that even the Feuhrer's Pin-up Boys of the Gestapo can't help but wilt. Bessie spent four Christmases in German prison camps, and, like the good trouper that she is, every one was marked by a Bessie Speciality—or a pantomime to you.

She wrote 'em, produced 'em, played in 'em—in fact, did it every damn thing but clap.

To the 1941 version went some Swiss Red Cross officials and high S.S. officers from Berlin. Highspot of the show was Bessie's bagpipe solo, "Tipperary."

It fetched the house down, and even the S.S. thugs joined in the chorus.

"I don't know what the Feuhrer would have said if he'd heard those bozos yelling their heads off at Britain's famous war songs," Bessie told me, when I visited her backstage at Newcastle's Palace Theatre, where she starred in 1945's panto.

AT RYTON.

The folks of this tiny, tree-lined village on the south bank of the Tyne have only one topic of conversation—the miracle that happened in their midst. Just as in the days of old, so in 1945, they told me, the dead are raised and the blind see.

You'll be glad to know that the woman who came back again from the dead is the mother of four Servicemen—three airmen and a soldier.

Come along to the Reasby

villas and meet 54-years-old Mrs. Ethel Ball and her favourite son, Alfie.

Broken in health by hard work and worry about her boys, Mrs. Ball was dying. Doctors and specialists were unanimous—it was only a matter of time before she passed away.

"If only I could see one of my boys, I would smile again," she told her husband Bill.

Unable to stand the agony of watching his wife's life slip away, Bill wrote to the Air Ministry. "Only you can save her life," he wrote. "Have a heart. Three of her boys are in the R.A.F. One in Australia, one in Burma, one in Belgium. The fourth is a prisoner-of-war in Germany. Try and send one home."

The Big Noises at Whitehall must have hearts under their shirts, because they ordered 29-year-old Alfie home from Burma, gave him highest priority in transport.

On the day that he left Burma, Alfie's mother received the airgraph that told her he was on his way home. Her illness had robbed her of her sight, but daughter Hilda read the good news.

"I'll get better now," she said—and she did. Two days

before Alfie walked through the door, she saw daylight once more.

"I could recognise Alfie when he walked in the room," she told me, "and I know that I shall live to see my lads come trooping through the gate again."

AT DEWSBURY.

There's a coal famine in the North of England these days, but one bloke who isn't worrying is an ex-miner from Dewsbury. I daren't give his name and address, but the point of the story is this—old Tommy X has his own mine at the bottom of the garden.

When he wants some coal, he goes down the hole, and digs and digs and digs.

There's plenty down there, fellers, and no reason to shout, "Don't go down the mine, granddaddy." The seam is only about six feet down in the ground, but Tommy's had many tons out of it since he started prospecting.

Now, just a quick look round the North before saying goodbye. A few potted paragraphs this time.

BERWICK-ON-TWEED.

Has gone "All In." Wrestling matches are held there regularly now, and top liners so far

include Chick Knight, the Blood Transfusion Centre staff Cocky Cockney, George de Rel-wyskow, son of the former world champ, and the Farmer's Boy, from Yorkshire.

LEEDS.

They had a bright idea at Leeds. When transfusions of blood are given and taken, the

take the name and address of the donor, and the plasma is carefully checked on its way to Service hospitals. The Service doctors do their stuff, too, and donors are notified whose lives they have saved, while wounded men are told to whom they owe their recovery.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

When Peary climbed the Pole



Here is the Pole.

IT had been a race from the first, a race against time, against tide, against weather.

Many had tried in the past to win this race, but nobody had won. For it was also a race with death, and the bones of former competitors lie amid the snows and icy hills of the Far North.

At the beginning of April, 1909, six men began the last lap of that terror-race. Of these six, only two were whites. The other four were Eskimos.

Commander Robert Edwin Peary had long hoped to be the first to see the North Pole. He had done much Arctic exploration before he started out on the historic expedition of the "Roosevelt" in 1908. But this time he had made his plans to the last hundred miles; and on that momentous April day he and his companion, Henson, had reached a spot no human being had ever trod.

They were 140 miles from the Pole!

The expedition had wintered first at Grant Land, and had set out over the ice from Cape



This is Com. Peary and the dogs that helped him to the spot. The dogs shared the honour and the grub, and when everybody came back alive it was more than was expected by those who saw the expedition leave. Now we can fly over the Pole without blinking an eyelid.

ing and labour, were in vain? For the only prize worth fighting for on the roof of the world was the unrewarded prize of being the First.

The final spurt began, if one can call it a spurt. It was really a weary labour.

They made it, but they did not know, when they dropped their packs on April 6th, that they were at the Pole.

There is no Pole, in the sense that it is a spot. There is nothing in the sense that a man may know he is there.

Peary took his instruments and began to make his observations. He worked out his calculations, laid his instruments down and looked around. "This," he said to Henson, "is the North Pole!"

He built a sort of cairn. He took the flag from his waist, unwinding it carefully, and hoisted it on a pole. He stuck a flagstaff into the cairn, under which he had laid records, notes, a claim that he had reached it.

Then he saluted the flag. They all saluted.

And that was all.

It was a strange feeling that pervaded the party. They were on the top of the world. Whatever way they turned, they would never march north again. All roads led south.

They stayed there, at the North Pole, for about thirty hours, making careful calculations, testing and proving.

A few miles from where they stayed they made a sounding. Was there an ocean below their feet? The lead ran out to 1,500 fathoms, but there was no bottom to it.

They had proved, too, that over the Pole the ocean flowed far below.

They made their way back, really racing this time to escape the break-up of the ice.

THEY SAW IT FIRST No. 2—By C. N. DORAN

Columbia on the first day of duration.

They did not know that already a faker named Dr. Cook, who had also headed an expedition, had already gone back to civilisation with the claim that he had reached the Pole. Dr. Cook was later discredited, proved to be a liar without support for his claim.

When Peary and Henson reached latitude 87 they stepped in virgin snow. But that last 140 miles was not so much a race as a supreme test of en-

Plod, plod, plod, went the six men over the ice and snow, watching for "leads," cracks in the ice, taking soundings where they could, sleeping wrapped in bags for a short few hours, then on again, heading north, always north.

Around Peary's body was a silk flag of the United States which his wife had made. He had to carry his instruments, and the packs were to be dragged, too.

The 140 miles dwindled to all their toil, all their suffer-

100, then 90, then 80, then 50. Would they see the Pole? Would they be the first human beings to stand there and view the top of the world?

GATE OF SILENT WORLD.

All around was an eternal silence, a dull, heavy mistiness, a sky that never varied. It was always dreary, always dirty white, always heavy with menace.

They set out again, the Eskimos following, silent and nervous, for even they were far from home in that strange silence.

Another observation. "Thirty miles to go!"

And then a fear gripped Peary and his companion. What if they found that somebody else had been there? What if

QUIZ for today

1. A parvenu is a guest, stranger, upstart, light dish, stroke of luck?
2. When did speedway racing begin in England?
3. Who was Mary Pickford's first husband?
4. Do monkey nuts grow above or below the ground?

5. How many Psalms are there in the Book of Psalms?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Penguin, Puffin, Puma, Poa, Porcupine, Petrel.

Answers to Quiz in No. 595

1. Scraps of roasted fat.
2. Two.
3. Anne Boleyn, Mary Queen of Scots, Marie Antoinette.
4. U.S.A.
5. Charles Laughton.
6. Slack is a powder; others are knobs.

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



SIXTEEN Pompey youngsters—some of them sons of Navy men—will always remember with gratitude Mrs. Elizabeth Cotton, homely wife of a railway worker, of Gordon Avenue, Winchester, with whom they were billeted during the war—eight of them at one time.

In September, 1939, when Portsmouth appealed to Winchester to take care of children who had to be evacuated from the naval port, Mrs. Cotton volunteered to take two boys.

When pressure on billets grew, Mrs. Cotton was asked if she could manage to take another boy. She said she would try.

And so it went on, until she found herself mothering a "family" of eight lusty school-boys—preparing their meals, doing their washing and mending, packing them off to school, and nursing them through their ailments.

"Mrs. Cotton was a wonderful mother to us," is the unanimous opinion of the boys, all of whom have now returned to Pompey.

Their opinion has received Royal endorsement, for the King has awarded the B.E.M. to this model mother of evacuees.



MAJOR B. A. SMITH, R.A., has undergone many ordeals while serving with the 8th Army in the Western Desert and with the 14th Army in India and Burma, but the worst ordeal of all, he told a Southampton audience, was shortly after his arrival home.

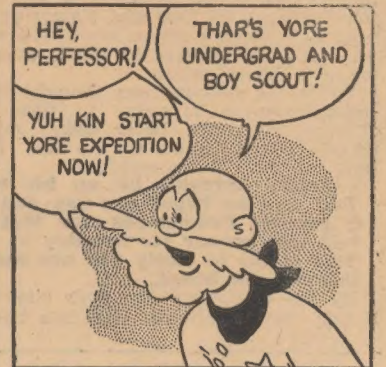
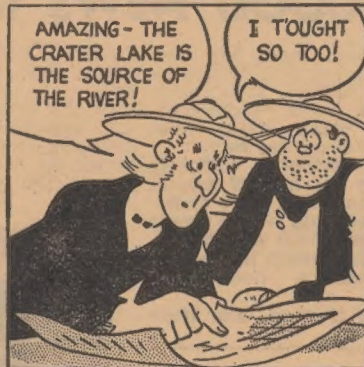
While commanding a battery in the Arakan, he was given six hours' notice to leave for England to undertake a lecture tour for the M.O.I.

"I was flown home in a day and a half," he said. "I was given two days in which to find my feet and 'learn the language,' and was then called upon to give my first lecture.

"To my dismay, my audience was composed of 150 Wrens—more white women in one room than I had seen in the whole of my travels in the past two years!"

He should drip!

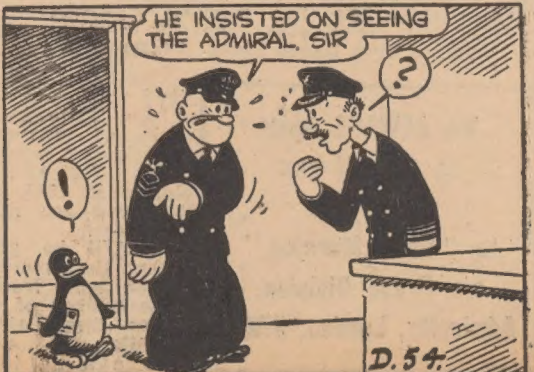
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—535

1. Fill in the missing letters and make a common word: E*E*T*I*Y.
2. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: WILD into TAME, and GOLF into HOLE.
3. What port in Ireland has ENST for the exact middle of its name?
4. In the following, the two missing words contain the same letters in different order: That coat is long enough, but it hasn't the ———.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 534

1. ENDEAVOUR.
2. CAKE, care, cart, TART; HAIR, hail, hall, hale, MALE.
3. Palsley.

JANE



This is 2LO Calling

"THIS is 2LO, the London Station of the B.B.C., calling the British Isles."

These were the first words spoken in the first "official" broadcast in the British Isles. The speaker was Mr. Arthur Burrows, the date was November, 1922, and the place was a small room at the top of Marconi House, in the Strand.

The announcement was preceded by Westminster chimes struck from a set of bells in the studio, and succeeded by a light orchestra, under Stanton Jefferies, playing a march.

Within a range of a hundred miles of London, a few thousand families gathered round their crystal sets, taking their turn to listen to the new marvel, and even dividing the headphones up so that two could listen at once with one earphone each!

In these days of round-the-clock broadcasting, providing every imaginable kind of entertainment, it is difficult to

believe that only twenty-two years have passed since that first broadcast by the B.B.C.—the initials then, by the way, stood for "British Broadcasting Committee."

A few weeks later it became the British Broadcasting Company, and then years later the British Broadcasting Corporation.

The studio used for this first broadcast was a converted private cinema. All "echo" had been deadened-out by hanging the walls with canvas and heavy cloth.

After much experimenting, the best positions for the rather primitive microphones, which resembled telephone mouth-pieces, were found to be two hanging in front of the orchestra of nine and two inside the piano.

At the programme of a "private" broadcast at a Hampstead fete shortly before, a note on the programme told listeners that an organ pipe would be blown to enable listeners to

juggle with their crystals and tune their sets.

This "tuning note" was a feature of broadcasts for a long time.

None of the first pieces of music broadcast was very long. Quite apart from other reasons, they could not be, because licence regulations demanded that the broadcast should stop every seven minutes for three minutes' "listening," to ensure other wireless transmissions were not being interfered with!

The first "big" musical broadcast came the following January, when the performance of "The Magic Flute" by the

"HOW IT BEGAN"

By T. S. DOUGLAS

No. 4

British National Opera Company at Covent Garden was broadcast with great success.

INTERFERENCE!

One of the difficulties of that early broadcast was that all windows had to be kept closed to prevent traffic noises penetrating. There was no air-conditioning system, and a fan could not be run because of the noise it would have transmitted!

All concerned were very glad of the three minutes' intermission, when the windows could be opened. Unfortunately, that particular November night was foggy, so that the air admitted was by no means "fresh" and threatened to black-out the studio.

The real sensation of the evening was the broadcasting of election results as they came

in. Just to show that the more things change the more they remain the same, the fledgling B.B.C. was next day accused of showing political bias in the selection of its orchestral items between results!

ALEX CRACKS

"I see you've got a new girl friend."

"No, it's the same girl—different coloured hair, that's all."

Wife: "Did you ever do a good deed in your whole life?"

Hubbie: "Yes. Saved you from being an old maid."

"Which do you think the best month to get married in?"

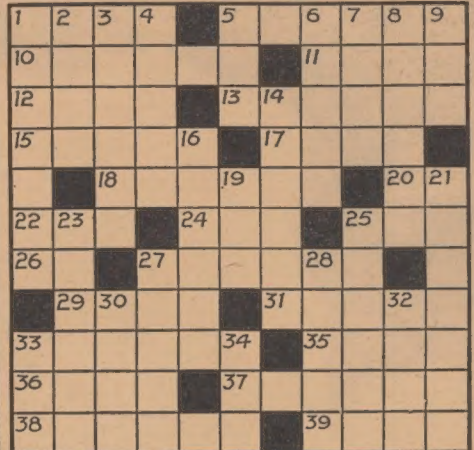
"September."

"But there's no such month!"

"Exactly."

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Bunch of flowers.



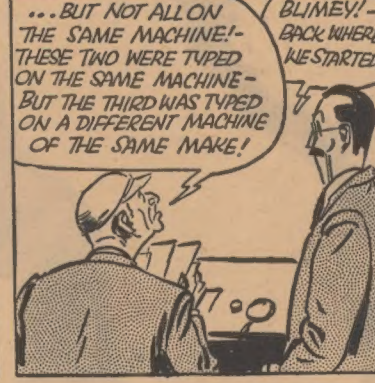
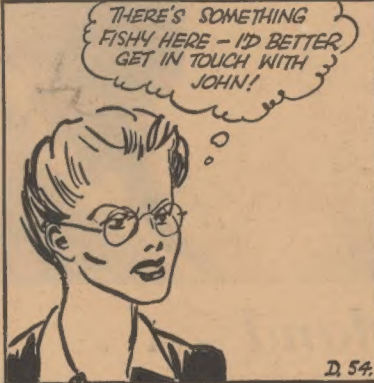
CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Plant of hair.
- 2 Merely.
- 3 Fibre quality.
- 4 Warble.
- 5 Drink.
- 6 Bodies of Kafir warriors.
- 7 Bound.
- 8 Superior.
- 9 Pronoun.
- 14 Had a game.
- 16 Salt.
- 19 Adult.
- 21 Nimble beasts.
- 23 Mend shoes.
- 25 Case in nouns.
- 27 Social class.
- 28 Girl's name.
- 30 Bar of fence.
- 32 Run paper.
- 33 Pool.
- 34 Pennyweight.

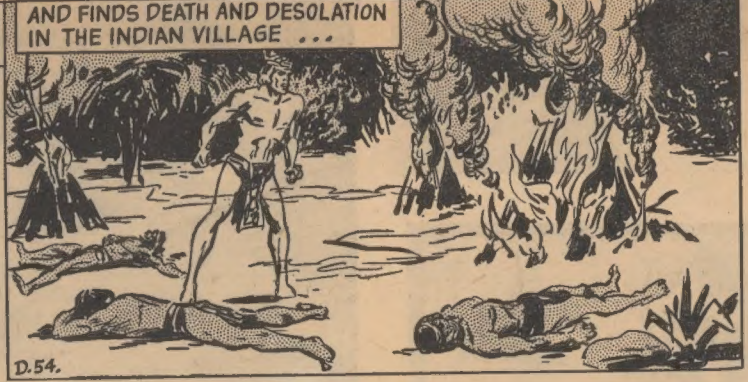
- 5 Jerk.
- 10 Chant.
- 11 Distance.
- 12 Happy.
- 13 Seem.
- 15 Samples.
- 17 Covers.
- 18 Woolly ruminants.
- 20 Direction.
- 22 Confection.
- 24 Ballad.
- 25 Colour.
- 26 Behold.
- 27 Show place.
- 29 Husks.
- 31 Fruit.
- 33 Humiliated.
- 35 Remain.
- 36 Cut in strips.
- 37 Granary beetle.
- 38 Choice.
- 39 Allows.

BOTH ENACT
ACHIEVE LOP
STUN OTTAWA
HOSTEL OVEN
P E VAPID
MUDDLED C A
USE EDIBLES
N BUN POETS
GRANDSON CO
OASIS SET R
GET PEDANT

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE

One noxious night I couldn't sleep—Stap me, for the bickering of the bats in Arntwee's belfry, so I crept cautiously down the crimson carpeted staircase and contentedly collected the fivers, thoughtlessly dropped by a negligent nobility...



PHIZ QUIZ

If he had his way he would spend his days curling; but work will keep on getting in the way, so he has to take time off to ride winners. (Answer to-morrow.)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 595: Fred Astaire.



"A nice time you've picked to wrestle with your conscience, I must say, Miss Brittlell!"

ALEX CRACK

Ivor had fixed up a blind date for his pal, George. At the meeting, George looked flabbergasted at the sight of his evening's companion, and whispered to Ivor in horror, "What do you take me for? She's ugly, fat and common."

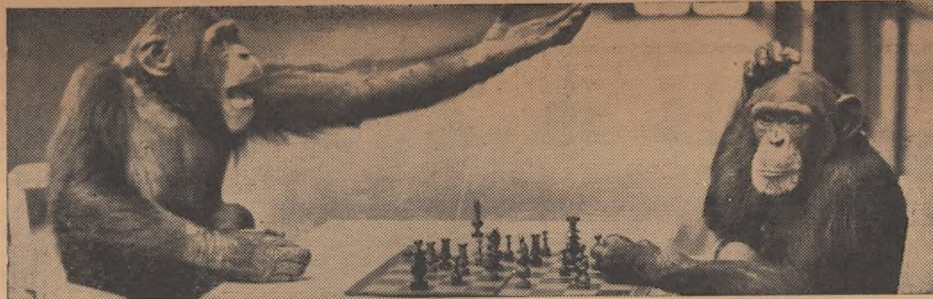
"That's all right, old boy," said Ivor, "you needn't whisper. She's deaf and dumb, too."

Good Morning

If you wish hard enough and wish long enough, all your wishes will come true—or so we've heard. "Don't disturb us, boy, we're busy wishing!"



There you are now, what did we tell you! It's quite easy when you've got the knack. Odd thing about it is that it seems every submariner in the Service was wishing for exactly the same thing at the same moment! Or is it odd?



"It's checkmate, I tell you, checkmate!" "Maybe it is, but that's no excuse for your shouting at me. And, another thing: stop calling me 'Mate,' I don't like it."



"It won't be long now."



"That'll larn him!"



"Ah! A swimmer!"



"Had enough, eh?"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"My youngest! Isn't he a darling?"



We don't know how Bluebeard got into the gals' dressing-room, or what he's supposed to be doing there, but we guess it's all right. We've an idea those Amazons know how to fight for their honour!



The leafy village of Hambleden, in Buckinghamshire, is a cool oasis on a burning August afternoon. Which is worth remembering—in case we ever have a burning August afternoon.